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SIXPENCE.

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Mme. Stoessel.*



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF GENERAL STOESEL: THE DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR EN ROUTE FOR HOME.

DRAWING (SOLE COPYRIGHT OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "L'ILLUSTRATION") MADE AT A SPECIAL SITTING GRANTED BY GENERAL STOESEL TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. L. SABATTIER, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Crime begets crime: that is the simple explanation of the Kremlin tragedy. The autocracy which butchers women and children in the streets of St. Petersburg has small right to complain when their blood is avenged by the blood of a Grand Duke. That is the sentiment in Russia; witness the indifference of the people to the fate of Sergius. One Russian journal, the *Novosti*, has had the courage to put the same idea almost in these very words. Apart from the Imperial family, nobody mourns for Sergius. Set English opinion aside, as prejudiced, if you like; what is the opinion in France, or America, where a certain indulgence towards the Russian autocracy is traditional? France and America were aghast at the crime of Jan. 22, but they view the sequel as the inevitable logic of an eye for an eye. When a Government is so uncivilised that it treats citizens armed with a petition to the Sovereign as a "rebel mob"; when it boasts that as long as the Cossack is faithful the cry for liberty will be stifled; then it provokes a murderous agency which the faithful Cossack cannot crush. He could slaughter women and children; but he could not save Sergius. Autocracy has made this situation; and yet it appeals to Russia and the civilised world for "heartfelt sympathy." Both answer with a shrug.

The Russian censor has been very busy with this Journal of late. He has slashed it with the scissors instead of tinting it with his beloved soot. In an interval of this breathless work he has written us a letter: for I think that only an agitated censor could have produced the gem that lies before me. Very modestly he suppresses his name and address, and signs himself "Citizen of the God's World," who dwells "Everywhere." This ubiquity makes for breadth of mind and beauty of style. He is incensed because we do not admire "the heroic Russian soldiers Kossacks, fulfilling merely their duty"; and he is "struck with your cheeky keenness with which you dare, in such a dirty manner, to touch your muddy fingers to such a noble name"—meaning the Tsar's—"you the journalistic representative of the greatest and muddiest butcher nation that mother earth has ever carried upon her"—I hear a groan from mother earth—"you the conscientious butchers of the Boers, a good Christian people, who never did you harm anyway, would it not have been with their diamond-mines that struck your thievish eyes, you noble English people who do not fear the Almighty God"—a point on which the "Citizen of the God's World" is naturally an authority—"and do harm to every people and everyone who only promise you a rich robbing... are you not ashamed, you noble representative?"

Shame, O righteous censor, fills this office to the brim! We go about our miserable tasks with drooping heads. Even the office-boy has taken the diamonds out of his shirt-front—those diamonds of which he plundered the Christian Boers. But let me ask, O man of soot and scissors, whether you have addressed an equally merited rebuke to any French newspaper? If not, let me commend to you *Gil Blas*, wherein I read an article by the Comte de Saint Maurice, who spent some time in St. Petersburg last year, and formed some really shocking views of the autocracy and its methods. Of the Grand Duke Sergius he says that "no man in the wide world had incurred so much justifiable hatred," and that he had brought his doom upon himself. Now's your chance, dear censor, to reprove the Comte de St. Maurice in this style: "You call yourself a Count, and dare to lay a gutter hand on the noble Sergius, you the journalistic representative of the Moulin Rouge *canaille* that cut off a King and Queen's head, and ran about Europe without breeches till our heroic Russian soldiers Kossacks stopped their cheeky keenness, you the conscientious butchers of the Cochon Chinese, a nice, kind people who never did you harm anyway, would it not have been with their feathered fowls that struck your thievish eyes, you noble French people who have no ikon but Voltaire... are you not ashamed, you noble aristocrat?"

A Russian gentleman, named Tchertkoff, who lives at Christchurch, Hampshire, which seems to agree with his health better than his native land, has been telling us what a mockery is our English freedom. "Worse than Russia!" was Tolstoy's comment when he heard that his friend Tchertkoff had been forced to pay the rate for the local band. "Oh, listen to the band!" hummed the rate-collector; "Oh, don't you think it grand?" M. Tchertkoff thought it an infamous tyranny, and Tolstoy throbbed with indignant sympathy. They have such ruthless logic, these eminent Russians; such a sense of aptness and proportion. You and I pay our band-rates, and what not, and do not know we are helots and chattels. In his bondage at Christchurch, M. Tchertkoff, who feels that he might as well be shut up in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, looks over our island and sees naught but grinding despotism. He hears our boast that the people make the laws and he sees the workmen

voting as their employers bid them. We never thought that an observant Russ would settle down amongst us, and see our enslaved Trade Unions dragged to the polls to vote for their employers by a brutal police—no match for the "heroic Russian soldiers Kossacks," of course, but equally fond of their duty.

M. Tchertkoff, I have reason to believe, is writing a volume entitled "England As It Really Is," which will show how little justification we have to lecture the Russian Government about liberty. He is not deaf to the bitter cry of the income-tax payer. In the *Westminster Gazette* last week, there appeared a letter from "A Conservative Whose Eyes Have Been Opened." What had suddenly made his visual ray so piercing? Nothing less than the extortion of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who gathers in the income-tax months before the usual time! What an eye-opener for a man who has faithfully voted for his party on the distinct understanding that his income-tax shall not be demanded when it is legally due! And a collector has actually threatened this now wide-eyed Conservative with penalties if he doesn't pay within ten days! What will Tolstoy say when he hears of this? "TEN DAYS," says the betrayed Conservative in large capitals. My friend, I cannot say that my own political principles are the victims of the basest treachery; but I fall upon your bosom, and mingle my tears with yours. For I, too, have received that



THE RETURNING HEROINE AND DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR: MADAME STOESEL AND GENERAL STOESEL LEAVING THE S.S. "AUSTRALIA" AT PORT SAID.

Photograph by L. Sabattier, our Special Artist, who travelled with General Stoessel from Port Said. Sole copyright of "The Illustrated London News" and "Pictorialist."

intimation; and with an effort to maintain a mocking smile I await the crack of doom.

The strange thing is that the Exchequer, after allowing us for years and years to pay our income-tax in May or even June, should imagine that we are competent to pay it in February. My Lords and Gentlemen, and Honourable Boards, as Dickens used to call them, are most profoundly in error. In February we have no income, only the bit of blue paper which the collector is good enough to send us as a certificate of merit. He may have it back again, if he likes, as an IOU, or frame and glaze it as a little memento of our esteem. As for selling me up, let him take my all: save a few old numbers of *The Illustrated London News*, there is nothing of solid value. When M. Tchertkoff meets a long string of sandwichmen in the Strand, with bits of blue paper in their hats, he will know that they are income-tax payers without incomes, and he will be able to telegraph to Tolstoy that the English revolution has begun. In a novel I have been reading, there is a protest against "iniquitous Radical taxes." The iniquity has another political colour now, and the Conservative who sees everything with such sudden and startling clearness has a right to expect that the next Government will permit the taxpayer to pay when he pleases, or not at all. Personally, I am in favour of the obliteration of all taxes that are not voluntary. Let me put my bit of blue paper on the mantelpiece, and give the collector his cheque, as Mrs. Gamp would say, when I am so disposed. If I should never be disposed, then Tolstoy will know I am a free man.

But it is hard to be free nowadays, even in America. Here is a fine young Irish nobleman, or

the heir to nobility, who lands in New York and leaves his luggage at his hotel; and because nobody knows what has become of him, there's a hue and cry, and the police search the Bowery for him, dead or alive. When they run him to earth, behold he's a bold soldier in the American army, already promoted to be sergeant, perfectly happy, and astonished at all the fuss. It is a pretty state of things (Tolstoy should write a book about it) when a fine young Irish gentleman can't choose a career without advertising this to the entire world. Society insists upon being a mother to him, and tying him to her apron-strings. The other day two people communed in the agency column of a newspaper, and made an appointment to meet at King's Cross Station. Up turned a body of reporters, thirty strong, and several special artists, to pry into the affairs of a pair of fluttering turtle-doves. Has the watchful Tchertkoff made a note of that? Will he not stigmatise this espionage as a thousand times more shameful than the domiciliary visits of Trepoff?

Perhaps the agitated censor has no time to dip into English literature; and if he had, I fear the scissors would play havoc with our classics. But there is a passage in Coleridge's "Table Talk" which might be to his liking. Coleridge denounced the first Reform Bill as a "mad and barbarising scheme," and reproached its authors because they had not "one word of thankfulness to God for the manifold blessings" of the political system which the nation would tolerate no more. They had "beckoned with grinning faces to a vulgar mob." "The devil," said Coleridge, "works in precisely the same way." Reform, therefore, was the devil's work; an opinion quite in the vein of Russian Orthodoxy. And yet M. Tchertkoff is living comfortably to-day at Christchurch, with nothing more diabolical to disquiet him than the band-rate!

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY K.N.

Although there have been again rumours that the question of peace has been discussed at St. Petersburg, the preparations for the great battle which cannot be long delayed go on unceasingly. There is little indeed to say about the actual operations, but the indications of increased activity on both sides are numerous. From the quarrel between Gripenberg and Kuropatkin it is made clear that the latter fears an attack upon his centre; while, on the other hand, the correspondents on both sides speak of efforts which point to turning movements on either flank. Doubtless the Russians have been inspired to increased activity by the recent Japanese raid, which is significant of what the Japanese have done in organising and training the Chun-chuses during the long interval since the last great battle. It is fairly certain that if the Russians use their cavalry in the valley of the Liao-ho and Hun-ho, their opponents will retaliate on the other flank against the Harbin-Vladivostok line. Once more, too, it is reported that the Japanese have a large force of irregulars at work in Mongolia ready to strike at the main line of the hostile communications whenever the big battle begins. It is, of course, in view of the necessity for improving his mobility that Kuropatkin has constructed a light railway right across the rear of his entrenchments, so that he may be able to transport his troops to or from the flanks to the centre. The movement of a division from the centre to the left which the Japanese observed on Monday is more likely to be in the nature of a test of the new system than an actual operation preceding immediate action.

The Third Baltic Fleet, consisting of the vessels described last week, has arrived in Danish waters, and will probably leave the Baltic this week. Most elaborate arrangements have been made to ensure the safety both of the Russian ships and of those of neutral nations whom they may sight during the voyage. They have been accompanied by an escort of Danish war-ships, and all the fishermen have been warned to be most careful in their movements during the Fleet's presence in or near Danish waters. It may be presumed that similar precautions will be taken during the passage of these vessels through the North Sea and the Channel.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

The naval authorities at Haulbowline, Queenstown, had announced a lecture on the usefulness of the submarine, to be delivered on the afternoon of Feb. 16; and the officers and men of submarine *A 5*, then lying in the harbour, were expected to attend. The vessel was moored close to the gun-boat *Hazard*, and at five minutes to ten she was ready to go out for diving exercise, to be watched by military officers, who were also to attend the forthcoming lecture. Suddenly a tremendous explosion occurred on board the boat. Smoke and poisonous fumes began to pour from the conning-tower, but this did not deter a rescue-party of bluejackets from the *Hazard* from a gallant attempt to rescue the survivors of the submarine. The first to descend was a stoker named Mason, who had hardly gone below when a second explosion took place, blowing him through the opening of the conning-tower and into the air to a height of twenty feet. He fell into the water and was promptly picked up. Another sailor called Tucker went down into the submarine again and again, and by his heroism most of the injured men were got out. Of the crew, four were found to be dead, and many were injured. Of these, some have since died. Among the dead are Sub-Lieutenant Skinner, of the *A 5*. It has been suggested that the explosion was due to the lighting of petrol vapour by an electric spark caused by the moving of an electric switch.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS.

The popular discontent with autocracy in Russia found another victim on Feb. 17 when the Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Tsar, was killed by a bomb at Moscow. About two in the afternoon his Imperial Highness was driving in the direction of the Kremlin, and while his carriage was passing through the Nikolsky Gate towards the Red Square, an assassin ran up and hurled a bomb beneath the carriage. A tremendous explosion followed. The Grand Duke was literally blown to pieces, and the coachman was so severely injured that his life is despaired of. A person supposed to be the murderer was immediately arrested, and as the deed was believed to be the work of students, many of these were roughly handled. The Grand Duchess Sergius, on hearing of the crime, rushed out of the Palace bareheaded, and flung herself upon the body. The remains of the unfortunate Prince were conveyed to a chapel in the Kremlin, and a Requiem Mass was celebrated almost immediately. For a long time it has been known that the Grand Duke's life was in danger, and he has been surrounded by a network of detectives and guards; but this fact only goes to prove the determination and efficiency of the conspirators. So little, indeed, did they conceal their intentions that they warned the Grand Duchess not to drive in the same carriage with her husband. The Grand Duke, who was the son of Alexander II. (who also died by an assassin's bomb), was the most violent reactionary of the Grand Ducal party, a notorious Jew biter, and the strongest advocate of repressive measures against the reformers. For years he had been Governor of Moscow, and his severity had made him the best hated man in Russia. Last January he was relieved of the Moscow Governorship, and took up his residence in the Kremlin. Over the Tsar he exerted an extraordinary influence, and his fate has filled the Imperial family with consternation.

A FORECAST OF DUKE SERGIUS' FATE.

In his book, "The Truth about the Tsar," published some few weeks ago, Dr. Carl Joubert writes: "The Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, incurred the displeasure of the Executive (Revolutionary) Committee by some act which he accomplished on August 19th, 1904. He was given the choice of three alternatives—to mend his ways, to resign, or to make his peace with God at the earliest opportunity. He appears to have given the matter his earnest consideration, and to have made up his mind that he is not prepared to meet his God. He has therefore to take his choice of the first two courses." When the book containing this pregnant passage was published, the Grand Duke Sergius had already withdrawn from the active control of Moscow's affairs, had sought refuge in the Kremlin, and was taking every precaution that his detectives advised. He travelled with a guard, was seldom seen in public, and admitted no strangers to his presence. By dint of extraordinary precautions M. de Plehve lived for more than a year after the Executive Committee had sentenced him to death, while, if the reports be true, only twenty-eight days elapsed between the sentence upon the Grand Duke Sergius and its execution.

OUR GREATEST GUNNERY EXPERT.

Captain Percy Moreton Scott, who this week becomes Director of Gunnery Practice at the Admiralty with the rank of Rear-Admiral, has had a stirring career. The nature of his services to the nation will be understood from the following statement of facts. Between the close of the American War in 1814 and the accession of Sir John Fisher to power as Captain of the *Excellent* (gunnery-ship), practically nothing was done to improve the proficiency of the Fleetmen in quick-hitting at long ranges. Sir John Fisher set the ball rolling, and as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, set it spinning merrily. To Captain Percy Scott, however, is due the credit of actually carrying out Sir John Fisher's ideas. He made the *Scylla* the best shooting ship in the service. When brother officers said that the prize-firing returns of the *Scylla* were due to luck, not merit, Percy Scott said nothing, took his promotion to the *Terrible*, and repeated the feat of making his ship the best shooting ship for the year. He very nearly performed the hat-trick by capturing the coveted place thrice in succession; but H.M.S. *Ocean* beat the *Terrible* by taking a leaf out of the latter's gunnery log-book.

Thrice in his lifetime has Captain Percy Scott given to the nation an object-lesson the nature of which it is to be feared is not yet fully learned. When H.M.S. *Invariant* was stopped at Alexandria in her tour round the world at the beginning of Arabi's rebellion, Prince Louis of Battenberg and Rear-Admiral Percy Scott were Lieutenants. Scott was the "gunnery jack." Arabi was shelling Ramleh with siege-guns, to which the British were unable to reply. At Scott's suggestion, guns were obtained from the dismantled forts, mounted at Ramleh, and Arabi silenced. What he did at Lady-smith and in China with the *Terrible* guns is matter of history.

Since his return to England Rear-Admiral Scott has been engaged in reorganising the gunnery school at Portsmouth, which was formerly a sandbank submerged at high tide. The appointment of Captain Percy Scott as Director of Gunnery Practice at the Admiralty with flag rank is an example of putting the right man in the right place. It is calculated by competent gunnery experts that the adoption of Percy Scott's methods of gunnery training has greatly increased, and may actually double, the fighting efficiency of the Fleet without adding anything to its cost.

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on Mr. Asquith's Amendment to the Address elicited from Mr. Chamberlain the frank statement that he was in favour of an early dissolution, which had "no terrors" for him, but that he subordinated his views to those of the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour denied that there was any constitutional precedent which required a Government to resign or dissolve simply on account of adverse by-elections. Lord Hugh Cecil supported this view; but Mr. Arthur Elliot, another Unionist, gave his voice and vote for the Amendment, which was rejected by a majority of 63.

Dr. Macnamara moved an Amendment declaring that the Government had broken their pledges with regard to the Chinese Labour Ordinance; but this attack was defeated by a majority of 61. A more interesting debate arose on Mr. Redmond's motion in favour of a change in the government of Ireland. The debate had little to do with Home Rule, however, but centred in the striking disclosures of the Chief Secretary about his relations with the Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Antony MacDonnell, who, with the approval of the Viceroy, Lord Dudley, helped Lord Dunraven to draw up the proposals for administrative reform subsequently declared by Mr. Wyndham to be incompatible with Unionist principles.

Mr. Wyndham explained that when he discussed Irish affairs with Sir Antony MacDonnell he did not know that the Under-Secretary's Indian experience led him to regard an elective council to deal with finance as a good thing for Ireland. There were "a series of melancholy misunderstandings," so that Sir Antony thought he had the sympathy of his superiors when he drew up a scheme which the Ulster Unionists denounced as a betrayal. He was "censured" by the Cabinet, but the censure, in the judgment of Mr. Wyndham, implied no slur on his integrity.

STOESSEL'S PICTURES OF PORT ARTHUR'S LAST DAYS.

Our special representative, Mr. L. Sabattier, who was dispatched to meet General Stoessel at Port Said, has secured from him many remarkable illustrations of Port Arthur's last days. This week we publish a first instalment of unique photographs, and next week propose to give a further series of these most interesting pictures relating to the surrender.

THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT.

It is announced that in the course of a few months representative institutions will be conferred upon the Transvaal. General Botha and his friends have made it quite clear that this will not satisfy them. They ask for full autonomy, and also for the old electoral districts. Redistribution on the principle of adapting voting power to population they will not hear of. The old electoral districts were designed to give the back-country Boers a majority over the townsfolk; and this is the system General Botha blandly asks us to restore.

FRED GREDY & FILLS, Vine Growers and Shippers, Bordeaux, are desirous of appointing Agents or Travellers for the sale of their Cuvées and Sauternes. Correspondence solicited.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For MARCH. PRICE ONE SHILLING. CONTENTS—
ROSE OF THE WORLD. Book II. Chapters XIX-XXI. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
THE NOBLE LADY'S TALE. By Thomas Hardy.
THE ART OF CONVERSATION. By the late Canon Alcock.
THE HOME-COMING OF VINCENT BROOKE. By Hugh Clifford, C.M.G.
THE NILE PENS. By D. G. Hogarth.
THE FRANKFORT FLEET. By the Rev. A. T. S. Goodrick.
THE SOLDIER AND THE PLAGUE. By Walter Fitch.
BARRADOS THE LOYAL. By Frank T. Bullen.
THE DESERTED VILLAGE. By Edmund Spenser.
THE KING'S REVOKE. Chapters VI. VII. By Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.

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LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

IMPORTANT TRAIN ALTERATIONS. NEW AND ACCELERATED SERVICES. Commencing March 1, 1905.

Numerous improvements will be made in the TRAIN SERVICES from LONDON (Euston) to LEAMINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, LUTON, and SHREWSBURY, and vice versa, the journey between London and Birmingham being performed in

TWO HOURS by FOUR TRAINS in each direction.

EASTBOURNE, BRIGHTON and BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, and MANCHESTER.

The 11.15 a.m. Express, Eastbourne to Witley, will be extended to Crewe, and will arrive Birmingham 4.40 p.m. Liverpool 6.30 p.m. and arrive Liverpool 6.30 p.m. A NEW EXPRESS TRAIN, with through carriage for Brighton and Eastbourne, will leave Warwick (Midland) at 1.15 p.m., and Leamington (Avenue) 1.42 p.m., and will be due to arrive Euston 3.15 p.m., Brighton 5.5, and Eastbourne 6 p.m.

A NEW EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Manchester (London Road) at 11.20 a.m. for Brighton and Eastbourne, attaching at Crewe the Brighton and Eastbourne carriages on the 11.15 a.m. from Liverpool, and at Kogly those of the 1.15 p.m. from Birmingham.

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, and MANCHESTER.

The 2.15 p.m. Express, Euston to Liverpool, Manchester, and Windermer, will leave at 2.40 p.m., cease to call at Witley and arrive Liverpool 6.30 p.m. as now, Manchester (London Road) 6.35 p.m., and Windermer at 9.10 p.m.

The 11.3 a.m. Liverpool (Line Street) to Euston, will leave at 11 a.m., call at Stafford, cease to call at Witley, and be accelerated to arrive Euston 3.15 p.m.

LONDON and STOURBRIDGE and KIDDERMINSTER.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the new 11.20 a.m. Express from Euston due Birmingham (New Street) 1.20 p.m. will leave Birmingham (New Street) at 1.25 p.m. for Stourbridge Junction, connecting with the 2.45 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction due Stourbridge Junction 3.42, and Kidderminster 3.45 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the new 1.45 p.m. Express from Euston due Birmingham 4.45 p.m. will leave Birmingham (New Street) at 4.55 p.m. for Stourbridge Junction, connecting with the 7.15 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction due Stourbridge Junction 7.50, and Kidderminster 7.45 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the 1.20 p.m. from Kidderminster, and 1.44 from Stourbridge Junction, will leave Stourbridge Junction at 2.45 p.m. for Birmingham (New Street), connecting with the 2.45 p.m. Express from Birmingham (New Street) due Euston 4.45 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the 5.50 p.m. from Kidderminster, and 6.54 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction, will leave Stourbridge Junction at 7.15 p.m. and will connect at Birmingham (New Street) with the new 8.15 p.m. train to London due Euston 10.45 p.m.

OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE.

NEW THROUGH TRAINS for Cambridge, calling only at Bicester on the Oxford Branch, will leave Oxford at 10.50 a.m., 12.35 p.m., and 5.40 p.m., arriving Cambridge 1.20, 3.45, and 8.10 p.m. respectively.

The 6.40 a.m., 1.45 p.m., and 7.10 p.m. Cambridge to Bletchley, will be THROUGH TRAINS TO OXFORD, calling at Bletchley only on the Oxford Branch, and arriving Oxford 10.30 noon, 4.40 p.m., and 9.50 p.m. respectively.

Euston, 1905. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

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THE KEY OF THE PORT ARTHUR POSITION: STOESEL'S UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DEFENCE OF 203-MÈTRE HILL.

SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESEL TO OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, MR. L. SABATIER, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.



MORNING IN THE TRENCHES: THE SIBERIAN RESERVE TAKING UP POSITIONS WITH THE 6-INCH GUNS.

The photograph illustrates the curious deliberation begotten of long-continued fighting; for these troops might easily pass for factory hands proceeding to their day's work. It is difficult to realise that they are on the eve of the deadliest grapple in the history of modern warfare. Note the shell bursting on the hill-side.

THE URGENT NEED OF CARTRIDGES: 203-MÈTRE HILL ON THE DAY OF ITS CAPTURE.

SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STORES&L TO OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, MR. L. SARATIDE, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.



THE LAST DAY OF RESISTANCE: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS COLLECTING THE CARTRIDGES OF THE DEAD BEFORE BURIAL, DECEMBER 6.

Of the last day's fighting the "Novy Krat," the Port Arthur journal, says: "The hill's breast was hammered by 800-pound shells, which split even rocks, and went through 18-inch steel like paper. Who but Providence can save us from these thunderbolts? On December 6," continues the journal, "Death, who had not rested for sixteen days, ceased his work."

STOESSEL'S UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PORT ARTHUR'S BATTERED SHIPS.

SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STOESSEL TO OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, MR. L. SABATIER, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.



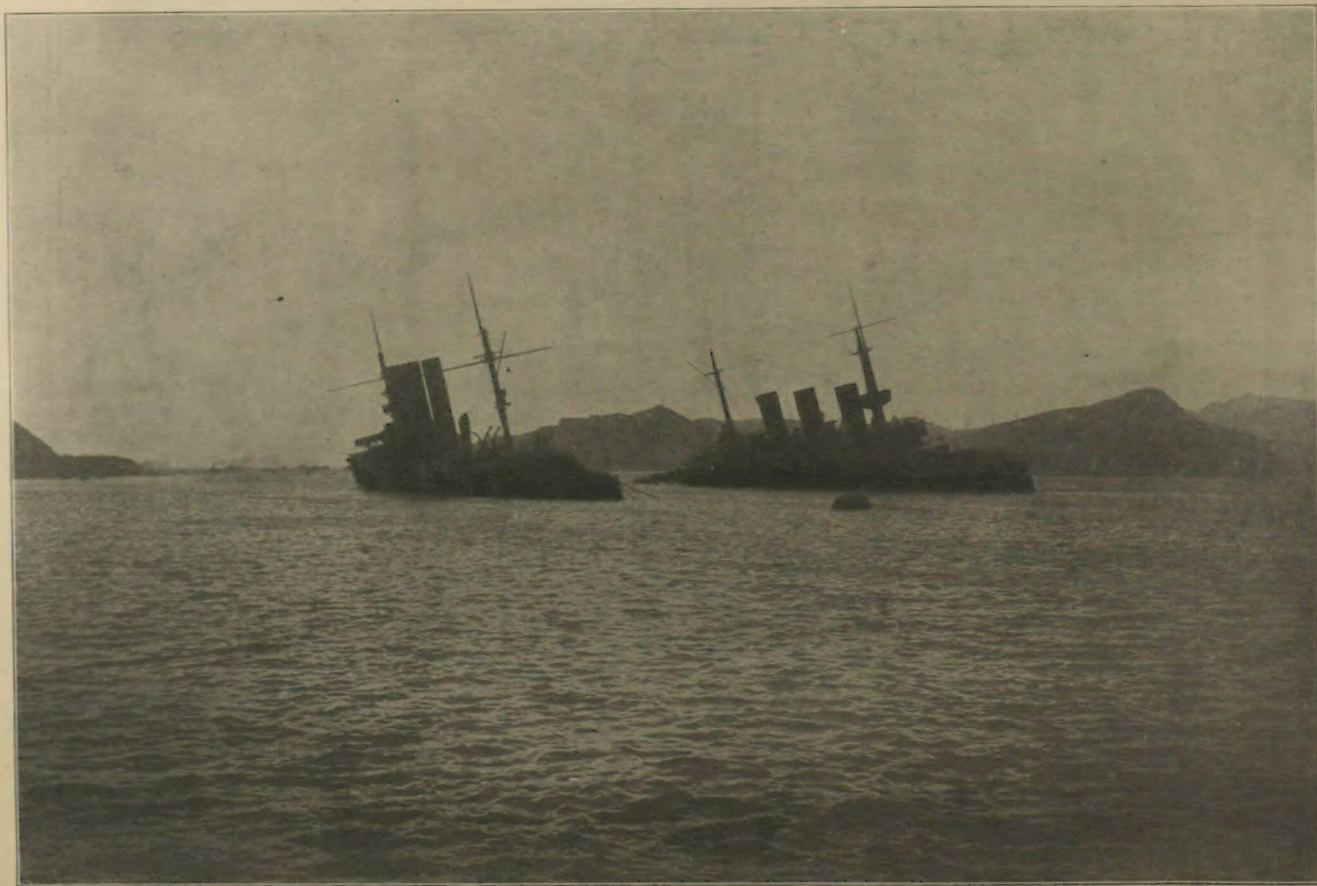
Pobieda.

Gilliak.

Peresviet.

SUNKEN SHIPS LOCATED: THE "PERESVIET," THE "GILLIAK," AND THE "POBIEDA" IN THE HARBOUR.

The "Peresviet" was also sunk to her stern, and the "Pobieda" up to her upper deck. All these vessels received many telling hits, and the "Peresviet" took fire at 3.15 p.m. on December 7. They were declared unfit for navigation or action.



Pallada.

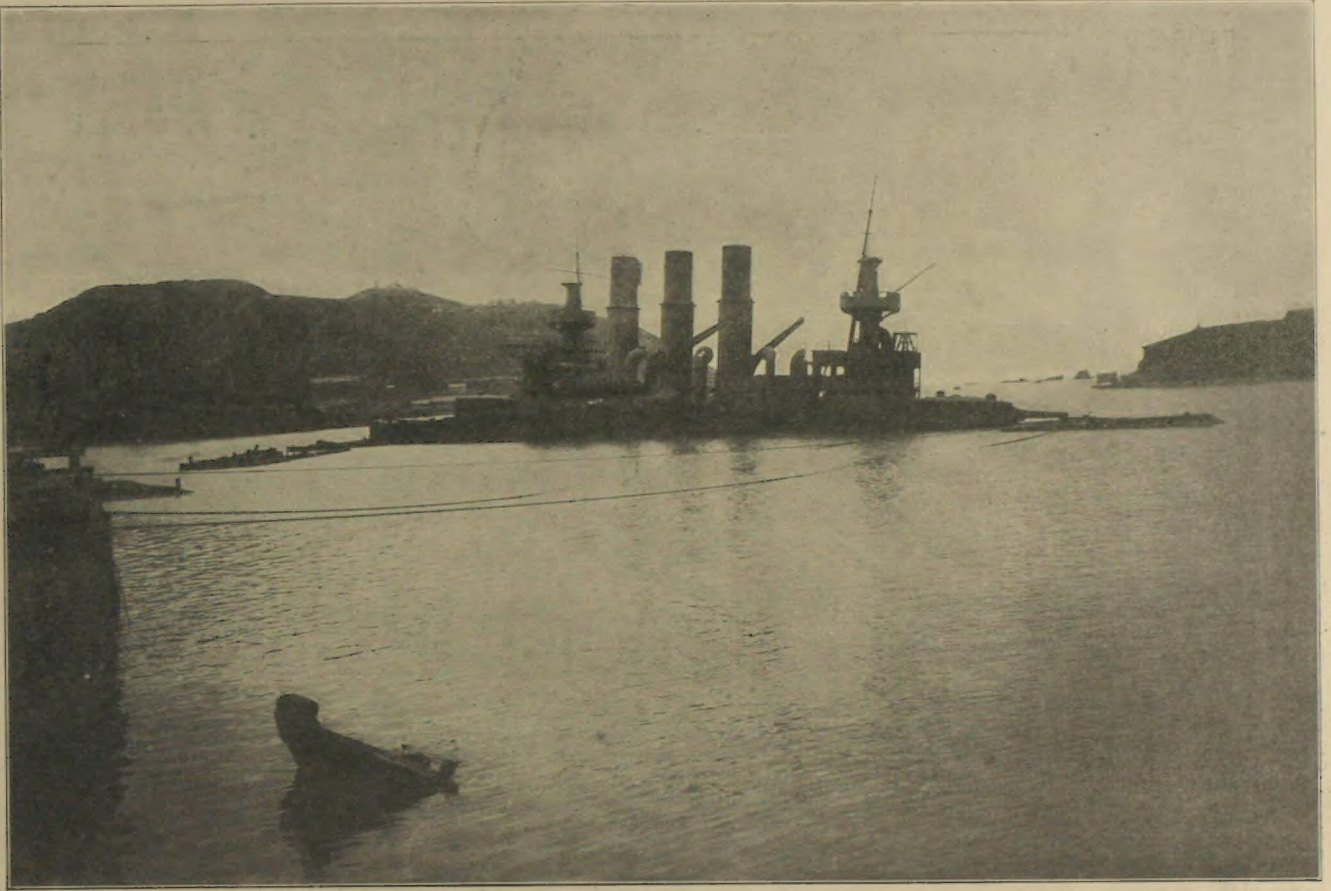
Pobieda.

USELESS FOR FIGHT: THE SUNKEN "POBIEDA" AND THE "PALLADA" IN THE HARBOUR; RUSSIAN BATTERIES AT WORK IN THE DISTANCE.

On the extreme right is Suvaroff Hill, with Batteries 6 and 7, where 8-inch and 9-inch mortars were placed. Further to the left is visible the smoke of four 11-inch mortars returning Japanese shells. In the background are small boats searching for Japanese torpedoes.

A BATTERED SHIP AND BURNING STORES: PHOTOGRAPHS OF PORT ARTHUR'S SIEGE.

SUPPLIED BY GENERAL SIORESSEL TO MR. L. SARATIERE, OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.



THE CRIPPLED "RETVISAN" IN PORT ARTHUR HARBOUR.

On December 8, two days after 203-Metre Hill was captured, the "Retvisan" had been sunk by the fire directed from that eminence. She was submerged to her stern-walk, and had a considerable list.



STORES THAT ENDED IN SMOKE: A VAST BURNING OF OIL, KEROSENE, AND SHIP'S PAINT.

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LAST DAYS OF PORT ARTHUR: THE BATTERED TOWN AND SHIPS.

SUPPLIED BY GENERAL STORSEL TO OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, MR. L. SARATIER, WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE GENERAL FROM PORT SAID.



1. Telegraph Station. 2. Railway Station. 3. Office of the "Novy Kral." 4. "Kazan" and "Anzara," Struck by Shells. 5. Moujolin Hospital. 6. Gunsberg's Store. 7. Post Office.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SUNKEN SHIPS LOCATED IN THE HARBOUR, AND THE SHELL-RIDDLED TOWN, LOOKING DOWN PUSHKIN STREET.

One of the most interesting places marked in this map is the office of the "Novy Kral," or "New World," the newspaper of Port Arthur, which continued to appear up to the last day of the siege. Towards the end it was printed on brown paper of very small size. Although its aim was to inspire the garrison, the journal admitted the feeling of helplessness that arose as ship after ship succumbed to the huge Japanese shells.

THE MAN WHO HAD DINED TOO WELL.

By BERNARD CAPES.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

"SIT down, Mr. Archibald Dalrymple," said the stockbroker, with a sarcastic emphasis on the name, as if its distinction were a mere aristocratic pretence. "Sit down, Sir."

He noticed with disfavour how the young man, despite his agitation, slightly pulled up the knees of his impeccable trousers as he obeyed. The act brought into prominence a couple of long, thin feet in varnished boots, at the vision of which Mr. Huggins sniffed audibly. He was too extreme a Tory not to be sensible of his own shortcomings, literally, in the leg and foot department. A bluff insistence on the proverbial inadequacy of clothes to prove the gentleman was his solitary refuge from a self-consciousness of his own thick inelegance, and the general incompetency of tailors to better it. It was certainly hard that this whippersnapper, on a hundred and nothing a year, should possess, on no warrant but that of his birth, what he with all his thousands was denied—the personality of a gentleman. Therefore he was sarcastic at the expense of his visitor's name and boots, and insulting in his use of the only counter-check at his command to all that they implied. Impecuniosity, the young man must learn, was not the less subject, because patrician, to the dictatorialness of wealth.

"It's a dirty day," he said, "and I suppose *you* never thought of doing anything but walk?"

The interview, by the way, was in his own drawing-room; the hour, midday on a Sabbath.

"I hope, Sir," said Mr. Dalrymple, with an ingratiatory smile, "that you've no fault to find with that sort of providence?"

He was tall and slender, with a pale, not very wise face; but, like many aristocratic unintelligences, he seemed capable of a certain fixity of purpose.

"That depends," said the stockbroker, "on what's behind it. The more you're justified in cabs and such-like ostentations, the better you'll be advised to chuck 'em."

"Honestly, I'm not justified in any ostentation," said the young man.

"Exactly," said the stockbroker; "and you've come, I understand, to ask

me for the hand of my daughter, who is. Now, how you're going to reconcile me, as a plain man of business, to that, is the question."

"My prospects—" began the suitor.

"Are without end, Sir," interrupted the stockbroker.

"It's the case with all of us. But they aren't the sort of asset I favour in a marriage contract. Real estate, Sir; a balance at your banker's; a profitable occupation—those are the telling arguments."

He bent his heavy eyebrows on the visitor,

who sat looking down and nervously roping his gloves together.

"Young gentleman," he said, "you'll do me the justice of assuming that my daughter Kate is at least as dear to me as she is to you. Only I've got a more intimate experience of her worth. Put it on the practical footing, then, that I'm not going to sell precious goods cheap. I want my equivalent for value received—my equivalent, you'll understand, which is nothing less than a guarantee of her happiness at the hands of a possible vendee. Do I see that in your offer? which, of course, at the same time, I acknowledge with all politeness. I ask *you*, as a mere question of business, would you pledge the best of your credit with a bankrupt?"

"You're too hard on me, Sir. You spoke of a profitable occupation. Surely the Bar is that?"

"Surely it may be—to a publican. As to your tale of briefs, now?"

The suitor blushed.

"I've some what you may call good connections, Sir."

"I don't dispute it."

Consciously or unconsciously, the stockbroker seemed to glance at the varnished boots again. Anyhow, he sniffed.

"Your family's all right," he said. "I don't dispute it, I say."

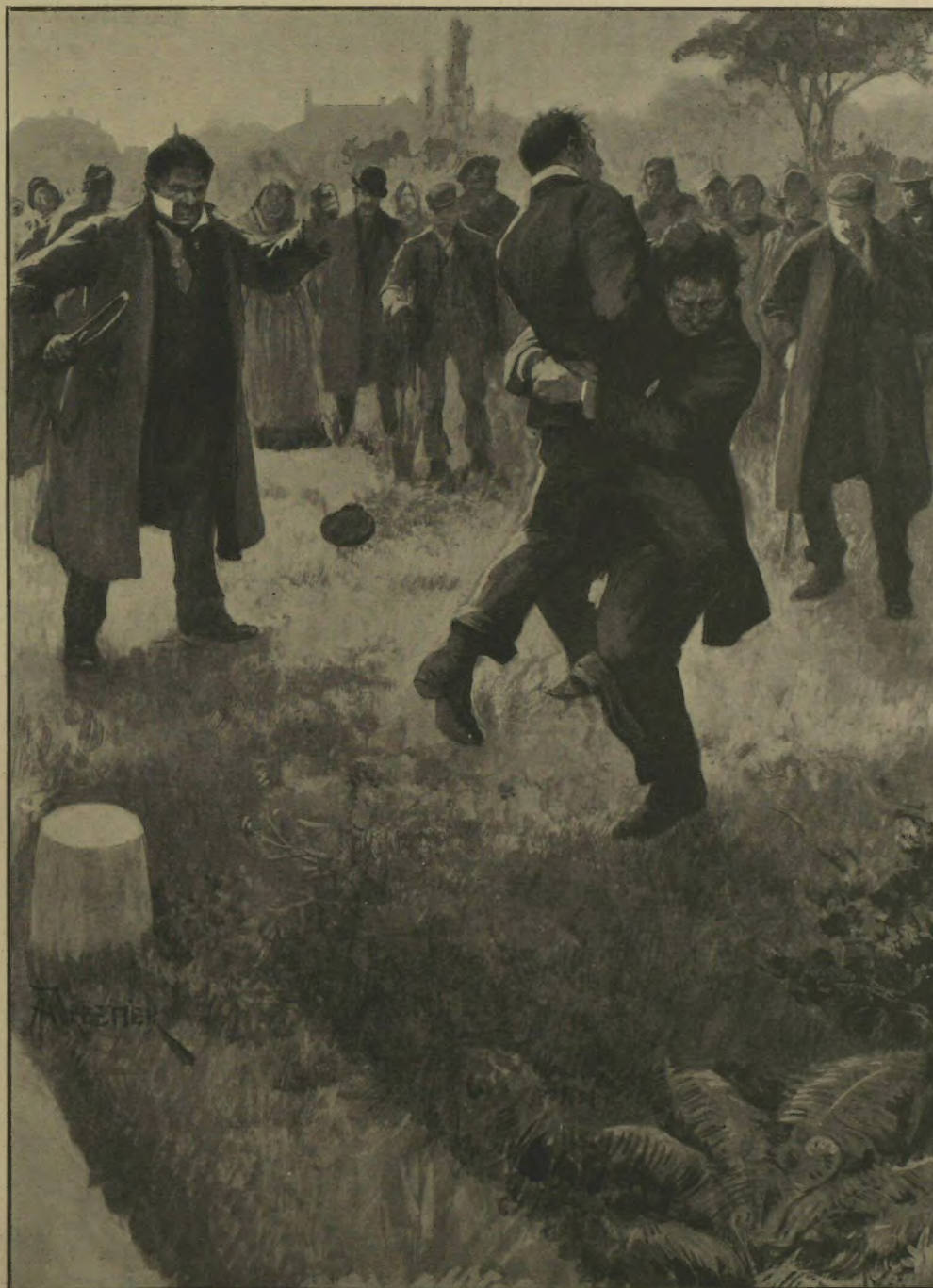
"With influence, moneyed influence, to back me," began the suitor, momentarily deluded into eagerness; but the other checked him.

"So, young gentleman," he said, "I'm to be your bribe to Fortune? I'm to accept you first and make you afterwards? Why, any beggar at the gate could equal that guarantee."

The suitor's hopes, bitterly abashed, fell to zero.

"I didn't quite mean it," he murmured. "You—you spoke of Kate's—Miss Huggins's happiness. I don't—with respect, Sir, I don't yield to you in that matter. However unworthy I may be, she, at least, believes it to be bound up in mine. But perhaps she hasn't—you don't—"

"Make your mind easy. She's taken me into her confidence. I've been treated to a deal of the sort of stuff they call fairy gold—precious



Round they went in a sort of Walpurgis dance, the shrieking voice of the crowd their accompaniment.

glittering stuff, too, in the light of gas-lamps and romance—but dust, Sir, dust in the light of day and common sense. I know in what her happiness has laid up to now, and I know as a practical man, that it's not going to accommodate itself all of a sudden to 'buses and third-class fares.'

"Really, Sir, you exaggerate."

"Do I?"

"I've a small independent income."

"What return—you'll excuse me—do you make on it to the assessors?"

"None; I'm exempt—that is—moreover, I earn a little by literature."

"By what?"

"Literature—articles, and so on, to the papers."

"Oh, indeed! What's the most you've ever made out of—out of—literature, out of anything in a day?"

"In a single day?"

"There's no need to waste words."

"Oh! I couldn't tell, really."

"A hundred pounds?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Fifty?"

"I can't say as much."

"Ten?"

"No, not even that."

"What, then?"

"I once got a cheque for two-five for a short story in *The United Family*."

The stockbroker rose, the other with him.

"Good-day," said the former.

"You will give me—us—no hope whatever?" pleaded the suitor desperately.

"Young man," said Mr. Huggins grimly, "you may have heard, or you may not have heard, of a neighbour of mine called Matcham. But I won't be hard on you. Come to me any time with the assurance that you've earned by your wits as much as a hundred pounds in a single day, and I'll reconsider your case."

"Do you give your word to that?" asked the suitor dolefully.

"I give my business word," answered the stockbroker, with a sardonic chuckle. "Only, mind, I guarantee nothing in the interval."

Mr. Dalrymple gazed at him a moment, wrung his hand fervently but respectfully, and departed in the greatest depression.

"He's not a bad chap, and well connected, too," mused Mr. Huggins, standing in the middle of the room when the door was shut. "But all that pretence, boots and things, on nothing—and then to go and quote Matcham!"

He pursed his lips, shook his head, and subsided into thought.

In the meanwhile a tragic issue was enacting in a little room off the hall.

"Yes, ownest of my own," said Archibald, "he refuses to hear another word until I can bring proof that I've scored, off my own bat, as much as a hundred pounds in a single day."

"Darling," said Kate, looking up through her tears, "that shouldn't be so very difficult. Did he limit you to the means?"

"Certainly not."

"Borrow it of me, then."

"My best, is that moral? It wouldn't be making it."

"I don't know. There's nothing I wouldn't value one of your precious letters at."

"Yes, sweetest. But don't you see how for you to give me a hundred pounds for one, would be sort of robbing Peter to pay Paul?"

"Why?"

"Why? I should borrow from you to give to you. We might as well take in one another's washing."

"Really, Archie—!"

"It's a proverb, dear, about the wives of Scilly."

"And, I'm sure, stupid enough for anything. But I'd rather you'd waited till I was your wife."

"Now I've offended you. Good Heavens! And I've already, I'm afraid, put my foot in it with your father. I'm a failure all round."

"Hush! It was thoughtless; but don't be agitated. What did you say to him?"

"He asked me how much I'd ever earned in a day, and I blurted out, quite forgetting, the sum I'd received from the *United Family* for 'Love's Nursing'."

"Mr. Matcham's paper?"

She looked at him aghast.

"That was unwise, dearest—but—"

She dwelt a little, pondering on his eyes. Kate certainly covered a multitude of paternal sins. She was a very sweet, colourless girl, with a simple faith for all her expression. Her surname, with the pretty monosyllable before it, was uplifted to poetry in the light of her cuddlesome presence. While she gazes in silence we will slip in a parenthesis.

Mr. Huggins and Mr. Matcham—the latter prior-editor of the *United Family*—were brother Masons, near neighbours on Brixton Common, and deadly enemies in spite of everything. Their mutual hostility turned upon a question of land-grabbing. Mr. Huggins had inclosed within posts and rails a strip of common-land beyond the haw-haw which terminated his grounds, where they were overlooked by his house-front; and Mr. Matcham, a furious democrat, had called him thief in consequence. The expression was designed to carry some subtler innuendo, on the strength of an unfortunate occurrence which had lately further complicated their relations. Mr. Huggins, present Master of the local Lodge to which they both belonged, had, about a week before the date of this story, been entrusted with the care of some official badges (antiques, and of very considerable value), which he had promptly gone and lost. He had carried them home in a cab, from which he had duly conveyed them into his house (of that he was certain); and thereafter they were not. Such was his

story, and such was nobody else's belief. The loss was serious, the scandal grave. There were whispers of unhallowed merriment at the dinner which preceded this catastrophe. There were whispers of a man who had dined too well. The cabman who had conveyed this man—Mr. Huggins, to be frank—home, was found and cross-examined to no purpose—by the defaulter himself, that is to say. But to others he told, in self-defence, a dark, and, paradoxically, an illuminating tale of an inebriated fare who, deposited at the gates of his own drive, wrestled for some time unavailingly with a simple latch of a swing-gate, and finally, having mastered it, tacked his way housewards by a series of canons from tree to tree. Then appeared an advertisement, offering a reward of two hundred pounds for the recovery of the jewels, and no questions asked. No questions asked! Scandal should think not, indeed! A disgraceful business altogether. He had never conveyed the packet into his house at all. Probably he had dropped it, getting into or out of the cab, and it had been snatched by some prowling loafer. Possibly the cabman knew more about it than he would tell; possibly, even, stockbroker and cabby were in collusion. The jewels were worth an astonishing sum, which grew in immensity from day to day. Ugly, and quite unjustified, slanders pierced to Mr. Huggins's ears, and he recognised, or believed he recognised, in the creature Matcham their propagator. Judge if Mr. Dalrymple's ingenious confession predisposed him in favour of that suitor.

Kate smiled into her lover's eyes. She was already a beautiful rebel. Unknown to her father, she had regularly and loyally taken in the *United Family* ever since the appearance of "Love's Nursing" in its pages. She referred to it now.

"Do you know," she said, "that there is a treasure story running through it at this very moment?"

"No," said Archibald.

"But there is, darling; and a hundred pounds (isn't it strange?) hidden somewhere for anybody who can find the clue. Archie, it's a providence! Find the hundred pounds, and I am yours! Pa never goes back on his word."

Pa, having, in a fit of profound abstraction, allowed the two of them, now suddenly awoke to his mistake, and was heard noisily applauding. The young man stared between joy and bewilderment.

"To wring it out of Matcham!" he whispered enthusiastically. "It would be a double triumph! I'll do it, dearest; I'll find it, if I have to turn grave-digger!"

He bolted before a portentous cough, tip-toeing away on winged though vanished feet.

That night he set to studying the current and all the back numbers of the *United Family*, which enshrined the clue so far as it had got. Before another fortnight was passed, he had mastered, with the final number of the story, the tremendous problem. He seemed sure of the fact. He rose from his last perusal with a sort of choking gasp. The scent appeared to lie in so ridiculously obvious a direction, that he could not but plume himself on his own facile perspicacity in easily detecting it. He was cleverer, after all, than he had dared to suppose himself, than any other had seemed to suppose him to be. But, at the same time, he stood aghast before a revelation his discovery embodied. For it was patent, to him at least, that the disc-voucher for the hundred pounds was hid somewhere in Mr. Huggins's illegal inclosure on Brixton Common! In a flash he understood all the fiendish ingenuity of the plan. The deadly Matcham had designed this way of testing the right of his enemy to exclude the public from the plot in question!

It complicated matters; but it must be gone through with now. The desirable face of his love rose before him like a wet moon. Damp with perturbation himself in its weeping atmosphere, he took train the next morning to Brixton, and, secretly armed with a spud, made his way over the Common. He was rather astonished to find its lonely acres unusually populated at that early hour. A scattered concourse of pedestrians streamed to a focus from every direction. They were mostly of the common sort, hurried and rude in action; and every one was furtively armed with a trowel, hoe, or other implement. Some, even, carried no more than fragments of old iron—a horseshoe for luck, the rusty blade of a table-knife, a two-pronged fork. One woman, with bibulous, glazed eyes, held a shawl to her shaking mouth and an iron spoon half-concealed in the folds of it. She was a melancholy illustration of the catering to a hunger which knows no decency. One and all, they moved on with a set, eager purpose, spectres of a famished lust, hating each his neighbour in the race for gain—a sordid crew.

And then, in a moment, Archie gathered the clue to all this fevered rush, and stopped with a shock. The railled inclosure was black with swarming figures, which stooped and dug like rooks upon a new-ploughed field. He was not the first, it appeared, by a couple of hundred, to strike the obvious trail!

In the same instant he was aware of a sudden disturbance in the group. A stout and furious figure, flourishing a hunting-crop, had sprung into its midst, and, with maddened gesticulations, was scattering it in all directions. But it fled only to reform and hem in its devastator. The situation, literally at a blow, had become menacing.

Mr. Dalrymple's first impulse, in the immediate destruction of all his hopes and plans, was to turn and sneak away. Then a wiser and more generous policy prevailed. Here was his desired father-in-law in peril. He must go to the rescue of the old man. Besides, if he could help to clear Tom Tiddler's Ground—!

In his agitation he never thought of throwing away his incriminating spud, but instead, stooped and thrust it up the right leg of his impeccable trousers, propping the handle in his sock. It made him walk like a lame camel, but he paid no heed to that in his excitement.

Violently hobbling, he gained the enclosure, and, driving a way through the throng, gained Mr. Huggins's side. The stockbroker, gasping red anathema, was near apoplectic with frenzy.

"Ha, Dalrymple!" he shouted; "I know whose work this is! What the devil, man! Are you a recruit to his ranks?"

The newcomer ranged himself up alongside, and panted—

"Premonition, Sir—couldn't keep away—dreamt you were in danger—and Miss Huggins—come to give a hand."

"To give a hand? What's the matter with your trousers? Darned bad fit, I call 'em! Hoop there!"

He swung his crop, clearing a circle. He was evidently half insane with fury and excitement. The mob came on.

"Clear out of this, you dashed old hass!" shouted a ringleader.

"Clear out of it? Clear out of my own?" bellowed Huggins. "It's private property, you dogs! I'll have every man jack of you impounded for trespass! I'll ruin you, every one!"

"Don't listen to him!" cried a voice on the outskirts. "He'd no right to enclose it: it's common land."

Vicious, glaring, spectacled, combative as a French poodle's, the face of Matcham showed through the press; and the next moment Matcham himself skipped up.

"You hound," roared the stockbroker, "to bring this about!" Matcham folded his arms.

"It's an honest way to make money than some I've heard of," said he.

"A corruption of the poor!" snarled Huggins.

"Better than compounding a felony," said Matcham.

Mr. Huggins gasped.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Two hundred pounds reward to catch a thief!" cried Matcham. "I say, Charity begins at home."

With the word, the two respectable men were at deadly grips, while the crowd hooted and laughed. Shocked and horrified, Archie drove between, with such force as to separate them. The next instant—how, he could never tell—he himself and Matcham were reeling and wrestling together, the furious poodle face of the editor breathing fire into his own. Round they went in a sort of Walpurgis dance, the shrieking voice of the crowd their accompaniment; and then somehow—the strength of the little monster was amazing—they were by the gates of the drive, on the brink of the hawhaw where it ended; and he was flung over and down. The spud cracked as he fell, lacerating his calf. He bowled like a tumbler to the deep bottom of the ditch, where, among the ferns and little gorse-bushes, he subsided half stunned. Presently he gathered his senses and looked about him.

When, later, he was helped out by the butler and Mr. Huggins himself, he rose to a consciousness of a cordon of policemen ringing the empty enclosure, and of an excluded mob beyond sullenly dispersing, or lingering in baffled groups. Mr. Matcham's name had been "taken"; the field, anyhow for the time being, was won. Silently stumbling, he was assisted into the house, and deposited on a chair in the library. Mr. Huggins, near as dishevelled as himself and infinitely redder, suddenly stood before him, his hands behind his back.

"You've caught it," he said. "Good Lord, man, nobody would take you for a gentleman to see you now. Well, I'm obliged to you, and to this evidence of what you came for."

With a quick action he brought the broken pieces of the spud from behind his back.

"You didn't find the disc?" said he, with a grin.

Archie shook his head.

"No," went on the stockbroker drily; "and so you're as far as ever, you see, from earning your hundred pounds in a day. Oh! I see through it all, and I say I'm obliged to you, for all you came with a different intention. But trust me to take care you don't get the chance again."

Archie rose. He saw suddenly the sweet, unbidden face of his love at the door. It was all clouded with trouble and concern, the pathetic moon of his dreams. He made a sign, and she fled to him, in the uncontrollable impulse to claim and console.

"Hey!" roared her father, starting back. "What the devil's the meaning of this, Miss?"

Archie looked firmly over the head bowed upon his breast.

"Never mind the disc, Sir," he said. "I claim the two hundred pounds reward."

Kate trembled in his arms; but he held her close.

"The—what do you—?" gasped her father.

"For the lost badges, Sir."

"Where are they?"

Groping in his inner breast-pocket, the young man produced a small brown-paper parcel, torn and sodden. The stockbroker pounced upon it.

"Great Scott! Where did you find—?"

"In the hawhaw—at the end, under the gate. There's two hundred pounds to me, made in a day. I shall have to ask you to reconsider my case, Sir."

A thrilling pause succeeded.

"I don't remember—" began the man who had dined too well; then stopped suddenly, seemed to realise in a moment all it meant to him, both of shame and triumph, gave quite a foolish little laugh, flushed distinctly through his earlier red, and, turning softly, tiptoed from the room, leaving the two together.

Now, ultimately, history adds, Archie, the public being excluded from the enclosure, rooted up the treasure disc at his comparative leisure, which so delighted Huggins, for the final means it gave him to retort on Matcham, that he consented without further demur to a union which had never really been very remote from his wishes.

THE END.



PARIS IN LONDON, THE NOVEL STRAND SCHEME: THE ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED PALACE OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES FACING KINGSWAY.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT, MR. GIBBER SCOTT.

It has been proposed to use the triangular space bounded by the Strand and Kingsway as a pleasure ground, and the Palace of French Industries would be built on the site of the French capital would be reproduced in miniature. The County Council at its last meeting decided to refer the matter to the Public Works Committee, and it is expected that the matter will be reported.



Margaret Messent
(Miss Lettice Fairfax).

Lady Claude Derenhiam
(Miss Marion Terry).

Sir Joseph Baistead, K.C., M.P.
(Mr. Norman McKinnel).

Mr. Mollent
(Mr. Eric Lee).

A QUAIN PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," BY MR. ALFRED SUTRO.

BY H. J. D. BIRCH.

The play tells of an elderly author, Mr. Mollentrave, who believes he is a supreme authority on women, and proceeds to put his theories into practice. The result is, as might be expected, farcical confusion.

SKETCHING BY TELEGRAPH: DRAWING AND WRITING BY WIRE.

DRAWN BY ALAN STEWART.

The movement of the pencil A forward or back propels the Rod B which transmits the current through C. A lateral movement propels the Rod D which transmits the current through E. —
By these two movements any curve may be drawn. —

Fig 1
The Sender

Method of working
the Facsimile-Telegraph.

The current from C Fig 1. is transmitted to the clockwork L which regulates the forward or backward movement of the pencil. —

The current from E Fig 1. is transmitted to the Clockwork M. which propels the Rod N — & moves the board O in a lateral direction. —

An improved form of instrument is being made to use either as Sender or Receiver —

Fig 2
The Receiver.

The quadrant A elevates the telescopes & correspondingly raises the rod D. The distance obtained as shown by Fig 3 is measured off on Rod B. by the Rod C. The intersection of D & C gives the elevation. For map making the various points obtained are ticked on board by Needle E.

Fig 1

Fig 2.

Fig 3.

Lens 1 is focused till the point of the object desired touches the intersecting point. Then by means of screw A lens 2 is moved laterally till the same point is intersected by the hairline B. At the same time moving along the scale C the number reached being the distance of the object. —

PROFESSOR MON-SIGNOR CEREBOLANI'S FACSIMILE TELEGRAPH AND HIS TELETOPOMETER, OR RANGE-FINDING BINOCULAR.

The successive movements of the facsimile telegraph, whereby it will, faithfully copy at a distance the writing or drawing made by a person holding the pencil of the transmitter, upon the face of the drawing. Professor Cerebotani has actually succeeded in producing these complicated movements with one wire only. His teletopometer, a distance-measurer or range-finder, gives the required measurement automatically.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE DUG-OUT: DIRECTING RUSSIAN ARTILLERY FIRE.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FIRST MANCHURIAN ARMY.



CALLING UP THE BATTERY: AN ARTILLERY COLONEL DIRECTING FIRING BY TELEPHONE FROM "A" S N.S.

Mr. Julius Price writes: "This was one of my most exciting experiences. I happened to be in the trenches making some sketches, when suddenly the Jap opened fire in an unexpected quarter. The officer in command of the nearest Russian battery was rung up on the telephone, and in a few minutes his guns opened fire, the range given by telephone message. The din was terrific, and as the combatants were less than two thousand yards apart, the situation was not exactly comfortable, for the Japs were shrieking everywhere."

THE HAVOC OF WAR: SUFFERERS IN ANOTHER'S QUARREL.



DESOLATION.

MR. JAMES F. CORNWELL, who has just returned from a tour of inspection in the Crimea, writes to the *Illustrated London News* that all the towns of the Crimea have been laid waste, and that the Crimean War has left a trail of desolation behind it. He writes that the cottages and whole villages wantonly wrecked, trees cut down for fuel, and the people driven from their homes, and that the only refuge and charity on the peninsula at present is afforded by the British.

HENRY JAMES, AND OTHER WRITERS

A Novel. By Henry James. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
The Desert. By John Oxenham. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
The English. By Dr. Carl Peters. (London: Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.)
Dis-Arter. By F. Kay Robinson. (London: Hutchinson, 7s.)
George Morland, Painter. By Ralph Richardson. (Popular Edition, 2s. 6d.)
Uganda and Its Peoples. By J. H. Cunningham. (London: Hutchinson, 7s.)
What I Have Seen While Fishing, and How I Have Caught My Fish. By Philip Gess. (The Author's Style Lodge, Richmond, 7s. 6d.)

Some philosophers hold it to be an error for races to intermarry. It is especially dangerous for a Latin to wed a Teuton, and awful warnings have been launched even against the marriage of Englishmen with Irish ladies. American women are said to be more than usually rash when they espouse Italian noblemen; and Mr. Henry James may have had this in his mind as a theme for his new book. An Italian Prince takes to wife the daughter of an American millionaire. More than that, he has an affair with another American lady, even when she becomes his stepmother-in-law. The social complication is what Mr. James, who is fond of an occasional lapse into slang, might call "a little bit thick." But when you reach the end of the story you see that he does not attribute to his nobleman any especially Italian characteristic, unless it be a capacity to love two women at once. What is really striking in the nobleman is his resignation to the stroke of destiny which deprives him of one of them. Luckily it is the step-mother-in-law; and she is barely out of sight when he displays the most sincere emotion in the discovery that he really loves his wife above all other women. It will be disputed by moralists whether a man who acts like Prince Amerigo could be capable of any sincere attachment. But Mr. James believes him capable, and somehow we have an implicit trust in Mr. James's observation of human nature, an observation which may be unduly minute, but is seldom astray. Minute it is in this book to an astonishing degree, astonishing even for Mr. James. He is not content with an intimate dissection of the principal characters; he treats us to a separate dissection by two onlookers, who commend their views to each other at great length. When Colonel Assingham, after listening for pages to his wife, exclaims, "Oh, Lordy, Lordy!" we are grateful to him for the expression of our sentiments. But the book, despite this amplification of Mr. James's most divergent manner, has a very remarkable delicacy and charm—qualities that grow rarer in what is too often, by a stretch of courtesy, still called the art of fiction.

If Mr. John Oxenham is to win popular approval, as he evidently strives hard to do, he must beware of taking it too cheaply. That is what, as it appears to us, he does in his latest novel, "The Gate of the Desert." It is not a considerable success, and does not compare favourably, for example, with its predecessor, "Hearts in Exile." And this is not at all because of a want of material. Of that he might well have done with less, had he put it to more artistic or even more effective use. For we cannot be entranced by adventures, however plentiful and thrilling they may be, if they are presented to us in a bare statement of fact. Many of the incidents in the story of Vida Phayre (who, we judge from her portrait here, must have been a sister of the heroine of "Hearts in Exile") are told with some life. This is true of the earlier ones especially, and Mr. Lewis Cohen is entertaining whenever and wherever he appears. But as a whole the novel wants fusing and compression, and indeed rewriting. With its salient situations done justice to, its characterisation (such as there is) strengthened, and the wearisome and commonplace conversations by which the action is taken along removed, "The Gate of the Desert" would be a better piece of work undoubtedly, and we feel sure a more popular also.

At one time Dr. Carl Peters had a reputation for Anglophobia. When he was a traveller in Africa, we used to hear of him in collision with English colonial enterprise. That was natural enough, and to this hour he believes that our national strength is partly due to our unscrupulous and even brutal encroachments on other nations. But having lived amongst us for some time, Dr. Peters has formed other ideas of our character; and as his book is addressed primarily to German readers, who know very little about us, we hope they will mark and inwardly digest it. Probably no foreign writer on England has ever viewed her institutions and her people more judiciously than Dr. Peters. He speaks his mind with perfect frankness. He is no sayer of smooth things. His criticism of our educational system is by no means flattering; but it is absolutely true. All through the book runs an admirable sense of the advantages and disadvantages of England and Germany. He points out the weaknesses of our political system, but remains convinced that politically, economically, and socially the country is sound. Nothing moves him to anger except our illogical orthodoxy, and he almost hints that unless we adopt phonetic spelling there may be a coalition of foreigners to reform it by force. But the book is of real value to the English reader, whatever may be its effect in Germany. We detect no really flagrant error, except the extraordinary suggestion that the upper classes are totally ignorant of elementary geography—so ignorant indeed that an elderly lady asked whether Germany was a "watering-place," and a Bishop supposed Venice to be a German city. We have an expressive idiom, "pulling one's leg." Dr. Peters should take care of that limb when he goes out to dinner.

Mr. E. Kay Robinson does well to remind us in the preface to his latest book, "The Country Day by Day," that some London Parkers can show more than the and dabbicks, birds whose wariness of state is well-nigh proverbial. The dreams may even see a paradise

beasts, and fishes have learned to greet man as their friend—and only Nature is cruel. Mr. Robinson, whom we have praised more than once in these columns for sound and vigilant observation, gives us in his latest book what we take to be a reprint of contributions to a daily paper. The work is not less shrewd and intelligent than heretofore, and there is little to criticise, for the author sets down the pageant of natural life as it passes before his eyes through the changing seasons. There is but one matter for regret. Mr. Robinson, having so much to say that lovers of nature will be glad to hear, should really manage to improve the saying of it. We think he is writing his books too hastily. We find no evidence of careful choice in the selection of words. Much that current in daily journalism becomes well-nigh intolerable within the covers of a book, and our enjoyment of Mr. Robinson's pictures is repeatedly spoilt by the very second-rate frame. If we protest against the commonplace writing, it is because we feel that the work it embodies is quite good enough to deserve better treatment.

Mr. Richardson, the latest biographer of George Morland, takes for granted the reader's share in his enthusiasm. So late a critic as Cosmo Monkhouse complained that Morland vulgarised English peasant life, and Mr. Richardson quotes the opinion with some implied contempt, and as a sign of the progress of the day. To him Morland is the painter of the really jolly peasant, swineherd, hostler, and so forth, the British rustic in his difference from that French peasant whom Jean-François Millet had never seen to look happy. Even so, Cosmo Monkhouse's contention is not precisely refuted. Morland did, however, paint a good deal of rustic beauty, and as Mr. Richardson says with some naïveté, "If the public only took the trouble to look at his pictures they would find that in the majority of them pigs are absent." The minorit in which pigs are present have certainly made their mark on the careless public memory; and most people remember of his subjects more of the slouching, loafing, hulking rustic life than of the gaiety Mr. Richardson claims for them. In truth, the beauties of George Morland are rather for the expert, and this warm admirer does not state his case as an expert. His book is, perhaps, the more readable for this; and the biographical portion is well and simply done, notwithstanding an occasional quaintness, as "In that rude, wild, masterful, and merry age, Drink was everywhere consumed like water!" "When will Englishmen forget the frailties of George Morland, and look lovingly on his pictures without recalling his career?" is a strange introduction to a history of "his career." Supplementing the biography is an excellent chronological catalogue, with a note of museum-collections and private collections of Morlands.

The information contained in "Uganda and Its Peoples" was collected, as we learn from the preface, with the view of embodying it in a new edition of Sir H. H. Johnston's comprehensive work on the Protectorate. It is well that the intention was not carried into effect, for this remarkable collection of curious and interesting facts concerning the social order of things in Uganda, set out in the briefest manner, fills some 470 large pages. The original intention of the author seems apparent in the somewhat undigested shape in which he has allowed the fruits of his industry to appear; but no defects of form or style can impair the value of his work. There are no fewer than nineteen distinct tribes in Uganda, differing, often widely, one from another in customs, language, habits, and superstitions. The author deals with each tribe in turn, and gives us, often in the shape of conversation, details of his investigations into tribal practices. Marriage laws and burial customs have special attractions for him, and rightly so: the matrimonial

of revolting and gruesome barbarity have ever before been set out between the covers of a book. Had our rule produced for its sole result the suppression of than from forcing upon the unwilling, in the well-founded confidence that the advantages of British control as seen in neighbouring States would eventually bring voluntary subjects under the Crown. The excellent photographs form a conspicuous feature of a book which adds greatly to our knowledge of Uganda.

OUR DEBT TO SPANISH LITERATURE.

The word prepared for the ear can never by any ingenuity be turned into the word meant for the eye, and herein lies one of the reasons why Major Martin Hume's new book falls short of the effects he has given us so skillfully in other volumes. The author frankly confesses that the chapters are for the most part Extension lectures extended and in great measure recast; but the print of the cloven hoof has never been satisfactorily erased. On another score, too, there is disappointment in "Spanish Influence on English Literature" (Nash). The author is too long in getting to work, and although it is always excellent to go to the fountain head, it is nevertheless very dubious whether the long excursus on the rise of Spanish letters generally is absolutely essential to the avowed of the work. It is not to be denied that the opening chapters are full of charm, that this writer cannot be but informing and entertaining, that the colloquialisms of the lecturer rather increase than lessen the latter quality; but the question arises, how long are we to wait for the point of contact with England? When at last it is reached and definitely located,

been heralded with so much admirable proclamation of the way in which Spain came by her literature.

While from the thirteenth century onwards there percolates through Europe a great mass of didactic and proverbial literature that had come from the East through Spain and made its influence indirectly felt on contemporary English, it was not until the coming of Catherine of Aragon, with her attendant train of bishops, confessors, and courtiers, that the river of English letters was swelled by a really important Spanish tributary. One of the most potent forces was Sir Thomas More's friend, the Latinist Luis Vives, whose book "The Instruction of a Christian Woman," in translation, had an immense popularity in England; but more powerful than Vives was Antonio de Guevara, confessor to the Emperor Charles V. He also belongs to the didactic school, and the most famous of his works was called "The Dial of Princes," which afterwards became better known as "The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius," thought at the time to contain the quintessence of political subtlety, and every man at Elizabeth's Court who aspired to literary taste had its maxims at his finger-ends. To the Ephraim Guevara's artifice was peculiarly attractive, and Queen Elizabeth's own involved and obscure epistolary style must certainly be laid at the door of the Spanish writer.

Just at the point of the sixteenth century there comes a further infusion of Spanish blood into the English literature, which is "Skoggin's Italian," but now there what may be considered as the forecast of which is "Skoggin's Italian," which claims kinship with the realistic novel, "Lazarillo de Tormes," who

who

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who

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who

POPULAR SCIENCE: 5200 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT ON THE STAGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE LATEST POPULAR SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITION: MISS ROBINSON'S IRON-MAKING AND IRON-FOUNDING.

After the liquid-air kettle, the iron-foundry. The latest scientific exhibition is being given at the Pavilion by Miss Robinson, under the title of "The Crucible." The performer pours two powders into a crucible and lights them with a match. The result is a blinding incandescence, and in thirty seconds a lump of iron. The experiment is again repeated, the iron being this time cast into an ingot which is beaten out into a horseshoe in the presence of the audience. The experiment of "iron-making" is well known to chemists, and the ingredients used are thermite (iron oxide and aluminium powder) and barium superoxide. The ignition of the last gives the tremendous temperature.



Photo. K&O.

A MOUNTAIN ERECTED BY HYDRAULIC DRILLS: THE SIMPLON THROUGH WHICH THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD HAS JUST BEEN PIERCED.



THE PRINCE OF WALES—PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.
A "GARDEN" BY CORDY—PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PRESENTED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
BY CONSTANCE—PRESENTED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART IN IRELAND: GIFTS BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DUBLIN.

Gifts of an institution

London, and also to commemorate their recent visit to Ireland.

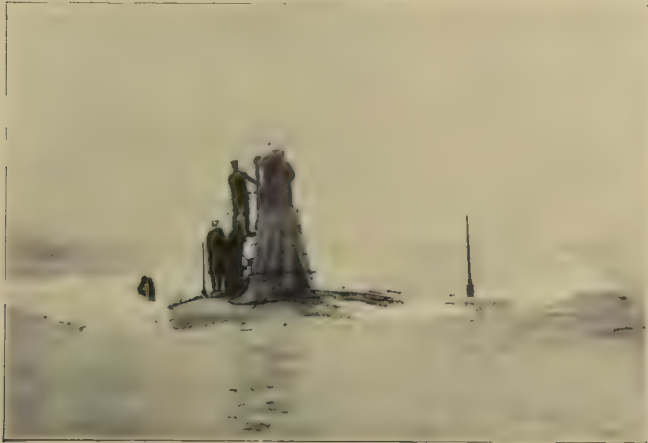
TWO NAVAL DISASTERS: ACCIDENTS TO FRENCH AND BRITISH SHIPS.



THE EVOLUTION "A 5" WAS ABOUT TO PERFORM WHEN EXPLOSION OCCURRED DURING.



HARBOUR DEFENCE EVOLUTIONS BY A SUBMARINE OF THE "A 5" TYPE.



THE HIGH CONNING-TOWER OF THE "A 5."



TOWING A SUBMARINE OF THE "A 5" TYPE (ELEVEN MEN BELOW).

THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION ON BOARD A SUBMARINE: THE ILL-FATED BOAT, "A 5," AND SISTER-VESSELS DURING TRIALS.

On February 16, in Queenstown Harbour, two explosions of gasoline occurred on board the submarine "A 5." Four officers and men were killed outright, and fourteen were injured, two afterwards died. Further details will be found in an article.



A PROBABLE LOSS OF £1,000,000 TO THE FRENCH NAVY: THE CRUISER "SULLY," STRANDED ON THE COAST OF TONKIN.

On February 7, the day on which our own greatest battle-ship, "King Edward VII.," was put into commission, the French naval power was crippled by a disaster to the cruiser "Sully." This important member of the French Far-Eastern squadron was proceeding to sea from the Bay of Along for firing-practice when she struck on a rock. It is doubtful whether she can be saved.



EATING FROM A SINGLE BOWL: RUSSIAN WORKING-MEN AT THEIR ROUGH-AND-READY MEAL.



HALF A ROOM FOR A WORKING-MAN'S HOME: THE OTHER HALF BEHIND THE CURTAIN BELONGS TO ANOTHER FAMILY. NOTE PICTURES OF THE MADONNA AND OF MAXIM GORKY.



A FREEZING DUTY: A DVORNIK (JANITOR) AT HIS POST ON A STORMY NIGHT.



COMFORTS FOR THE BETTER-OFF POOR: WOMEN PEDDLERS BEFORE A LODGING-HOUSE OFFERING CLOTHES AND BLANKETS FOR SALE.



THE POOR MAN'S MERCHANT: A TARTAR PEDDLER.



A BOX FOR A HOME: SLEEPING-BERTHS OF NAKED BOARDS RENTED BY THE POOR FOR MONTHS AT A TIME IN MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSES.



A PASSAGE FOR A HOME, LIGHTED ONLY FROM ADJOINING ROOMS RENTED BY DIFFERENT FAMILIES.



WAITING FOR THEIR NIGHT'S SHELTER: THE POOR CLIENTS OF A MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSE AWAITING ADMISSION.



THE HALL OF A WORKING-MAN'S HOUSE: ON THE FLOOR SNOW THAT HAS ENTERED THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

KING EDWARD IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM, AND THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH ONE OF HER FAVOURITE KING CHARLES SPANIELS.
PHOTOGRAPH BY DOWNEY.



THE KING AS COLONEL OF A RUSSIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT
PHOTOGRAPH BY PANETTI

THE ASSASSINATION OF A TYRANT: THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS OF RUSSIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSETT



THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS OF RUSSIA AND HIS BRAVE WIFE, THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE-DARMSTADT, SISTER OF THE TSARITSA.

The Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Tsar, was assassinated by a bomb in Moscow on February 17. His Imperial Highness was by marriage nephew of King Edward VII. The Grand Duchess, on hearing the report of the explosion, rushed out into the street bareheaded, and flung herself upon the mutilated remains of her husband.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES: A TYPICAL FLEET OF THE REVISED NAVAL PROGRAMME

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



Shannon.

Lord Nelson.

Agamemnon.

Minotaur.

Defence.

Orion.

EFFICIENCY WITH ECONOMY: THE COMING NAVAL MIGHT OF BRITAIN, ACCORDING TO THE ESTIMATES FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

The "Lord Nelson" and "Agamemnon" are of 16,500 tons; the "Shannon," "Minotaur," "Defence," and "Orion" of 12,500 tons. The first five are being built respectively on the Clyde, the Tyne, and at Chatham, Devonport, and Pembroke. The "Orion" has not yet been laid down. For the first time, on its own initiative, the Admiralty has cut down its Estimates, owing to Russia's naval losses.

THE FRENCH HAND IN MOORISH AFFAIRS: THE CEREMONIAL ENTRY OF THE SPECIAL EMBASSY.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MM. DU TAILLIN AND VRYKE.



THE FRENCH MINISTER, M. SAINT RENE TAILLANDIER, AND HIS WIFE ENTERING THE

French Minister, M. Saint René Taillandier, and his wife, entering the Moorish capital of Marrakech, Morocco, on the 10th of June, 1901. The illustration is based on a photograph by M. du Taillin and Vryke. The scene shows the French Minister and his wife, accompanied by a large entourage, entering the city of Marrakech. The crowd is composed of many people, including men, women, and children, who are gathered to see the French Minister. The landscape is open and flat, with hills visible in the distance. The sky is cloudy.

MOWING THEIR ENEMIES: OLD RUSSIA'S WAY WITH THE POLES.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. COLEMAN.



BURIED BEFORE BEHEADING: THE BOYARS' VENGEANCE ON THE POLISH CAPTIVES OF MOSCOW.

When the Boyars finally expelled the Polish captors of the old capital from Moscow, they buried their prisoners up to the neck and shored off their heads with a scythe.

WINGED WARRIORS: THE OLD ROYAL BODYGUARD OF RUSSIA.



THE SHILJEZ: THE BODYGUARD OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

The Shiljez were formed at the same time as the Strelski, from whom they were distinguished by the fact of the former being a halberd, but their duties were ornamental rather than useful. They were the only bodyguard of the Russian Emperor, and were the only ones who were allowed to wear the crown.

CARRON.

Where Iron Runs Like Water.

Carron Ironworks.

One hundred and forty-six years ago the iron trade of Great Britain was just beginning to show promising developments, and at Carron Ironworks, situated about midway between the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, then receiving a degree of scientific advancement, was producing iron of immense service to the nation. This famous enterprise was founded in 1759 by Dr. John Roebuck, an eminent scientist of the time, and the discoverer of some important improvements in the iron processes, and who was associated with James Watt in the construction of his first steam engine. It was at the time when coal was beginning to be used as fuel for the smelting of iron—a change which a few years converted a comparatively small industry into one of gigantic magnitude.

In this transformation Carron Company played a distinguished part, and within a few years Carron Works became the largest and most important ironworks in Europe, and one of the industrial marvels of the time. In those days a large army of workmen was continuously engaged, smelting iron and moulding it into war material, weapons, implements, tools, as well as domestic furnishings, amidst the glare and grime of flame and smoke.

In the manufacture of implements of war, a great stride was made by Carron Company when they introduced their famous Carronade, which was adopted by the British and other Governments, and did admirable service for a considerable period, paving the way for the Armstrongs and Whitworths of a later generation.

In all the developments which followed so rapidly during the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, Carron Company bore a prominent part. The pudding furnace invented by Cort, the hot blast of Neilson, Nasmyth's steam hammer—everything that the ingenuity of man could suggest for facilitating and improving the production of iron manufactures, was adopted, and year by year the range of articles was

of Russia; Princes Leopold and Maximilian of Austria; and the processes of which everybody was talking, whilst the poet Burns, who was enraged at being denied admittance to the works on Sunday, revenged himself for this rebuff by scratching the following verse on the window pane of an old inn near

We cam' na here to view your works
In hopes to be mair wise
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise;
But when we turled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us
Say may, should we to hell's
Yeon bide Satan sair.

At the present day, as in the past, Carron Company's iron productions are recognised as the highest attainment in their line. They comprise Cooking



and Heating Apparatus of every kind for coal, gas, and steam, for the cottage, mansion, hotel, or institution, viz., Kitchen and Portable Ranges of all sizes and types, Gas Cookers, Grills, Boiling Tables, Baking Ovens, Frying Pans, Steam Carving Tables, Soup Boilers, Steamers, Hot Closets, &c., &c. Grates, Interior Grates, Mantels, and Overmantels, Stoves, Gas Fires, Radiators, Kerbs, Fire Iron Rests, &c. Stable, Cattle House and Farm Yard Requisites; Baths and Lavatory Appliances; Gates, Railings, Staircases, Balconies, Verandahs; Ventilators, Gratings, Garden Seats, Rollers, Lawn Borders, Rain-water and Sanitary Goods; Pots, &c., &c.

Carron Company own and work considerable fields of Ironstone, Coal, and Limestone, which enable them to complete every operation in the making and founding of iron. They also do their own porcelain enamelling, galvanising, electro-bronzing, and plating, brass founding, &c., and manufacture fire-bricks, suitable for their various ranges.

Heavy castings for pillars and shipbuilding, as Columns, Girders, &c., are also made at Carron Works. The largest can be cast vertically up to 32 feet in length and 40 tons in weight.

As a matter of fact there is hardly a branch of iron founding that does not come within the scope of Carron

Company. The works are situated about 14 miles from Glasgow, and 10 miles from Edinburgh.

A large and well-equipped Engineering Department is attached to the Works, and where Ship Furnishings of every kind, Steering Gears, Port Lights, Deck Fittings, &c., are made.

Lathes, Drilling, Milling, Planing, and Shaping Machines, Steam Hammers, &c. Here also are made all kinds of machinery which the Company

are fully engaged

The well-known Carron Line of express passenger steamers

which ply between London and Scotland, is owned by Carron Company.

The passage between London and Grange-mouth (for Glasgow and the Highlands)

East of the passage between London and Grange-mouth (for Glasgow and the Highlands)

the passage between London and Grange-mouth (for Glasgow and the Highlands)

the passage between London and Grange-mouth (for Glasgow and the Highlands)

Hull and Lynn. At London the Shipping Department have accommodation at their own property.

Carron and London and Continental Steam Wharves, with their large bonded stores, which is one of the largest wharves on the Thames.

Carron Company, which was chartered in 1773, have extensive agencies

LONDON (City): 15, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4. (West End): 23, Princes Street, W.

LIVERPOOL: 49, Redcross Street, S. 1.

GLASGOW: 125, Buchanan Street, S. 1.

MANCHESTER: 21, Market Street, S. 1.

BRISTOL: 10, Victoria Street, S. 1.

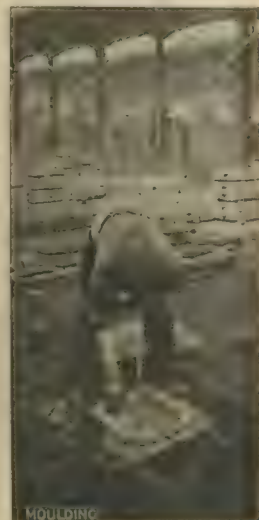
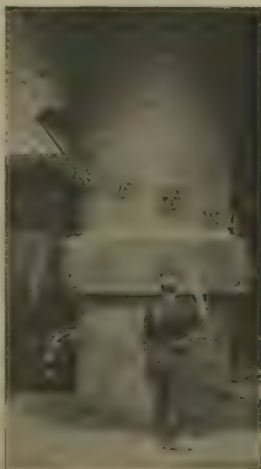
BIRMINGHAM: Guildhall Buildings, Stephenson Street, S. 1.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 15, Prudhoe Street, S. 1.

DUBLIN: 41, Grafton Street, S. 1.

SOUTHAMPTON: The French Prison, Town Quay, S. 1.

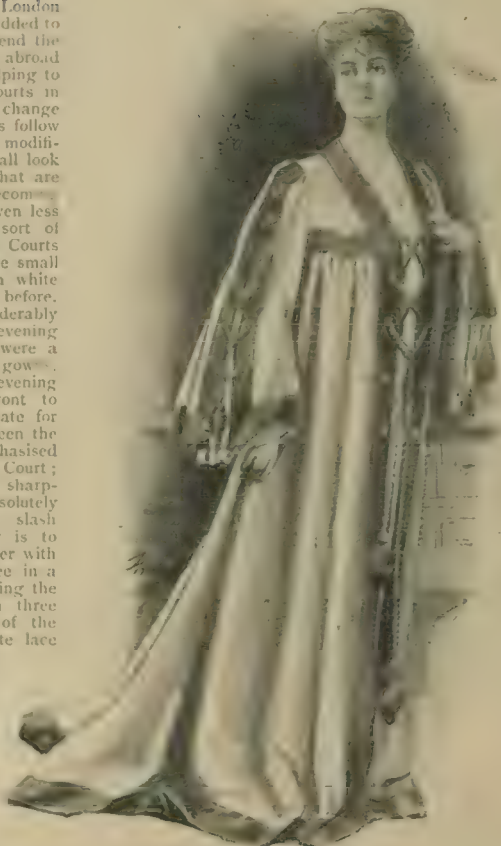
Carron Iron Goods are sold by all Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants. They may be inspected at various show-rooms by appointment.



LADIES' PAGES.

There is a distinct and perceptible waking-up in London is soon as Parliament meets, which this year is added to the coming to town of many people to attend the royal Courts. Of course, a great many people are abroad still, but their Majesties are kind and wise in helping to start the season early by holding the first Courts in February, before going away themselves for a change in more sunny lands. Although Court dresses follow one outline or general idea, as it were, there are modifications to be noted each season, so that they shall look in harmony with fashion. The white feathers that are worn on the head are often less becoming than some other ornamentation would be, and even less favourable are the white gloves with every sort of costume; and it was thought that the Edwardian Courts would be less rigid in the ruling as regards those small yet important points. Not so, however; both white plumes and gloves are still as invariable as before. So are the low-cut bodices, arranged considerably more off the shoulders than the ordinary evening gowns of society. In details, however, there were a great many changes made in this week's Court gowns, corresponding to the fashions in favour for evening gowns. The very deep-pointed Louis Seize front to the corsage that has become fashionable of late for ordinary evening wear is really what has long been the standing cut for a Court gown; but it is emphasised in the dresses made in that style for this Court; the difference really appears to be in the sharpness of the cut up to the hips—there is absolutely no sloping line to the hips, but an abrupt slash upwards straight from the point. A novelty is to increase the sharpness of the outline yet further with buttons, one on the point, then two, then three in a line. A black taffetas velours so cut up and fitting the figure accurately was apparently fastened with three diamond brooches, reaching from the point of the corsage to the deep lace berthe. A complete lace train, which is put on the skirt (also of black taffetas velvet), has not been worn in its plain all-round form, as it is used now, since the time of the mother of the present monarch, but it is at present again quite "the fashion." The train here is of black satin, the low-cut bodice, and trimmed with a lace berthe, and tails from the shoulders.

Another of the gowns is blue chiffon, swathed round the waist, and overhung with a lace berthe sprinkled with silver and diamanté, fixed on one shoulder with a cluster of forget-me-nots and blue feathers. The skirt, accordion-pleated, with a number of tiny frills round the feet, is trimmed with a line of forget-me-nots holding on a flounce of spangled lace; and there is a train of white satin



A GRACEFUL BREAKFAST GOWN.

This becoming morning wrap is constructed of soft white silk, trimmed with an edging of coloured silk or soft ribbon, and caught together on the sleeves and down the front by a thick silken cord.

lined throughout with blue chiffon multitudinous frills. Another fashion revived is shown in a corsage and train made all in one. They are composed of petunia chiffon velvet, the deep point of the front coming well down over a petticoat of white satin beautifully embroidered with pearls and gold; the petunia-coloured train is lined with white satin. A white net dress lightly embroidered all over in sprays with jet, and laid upon white satin, and a black velvet train with the bodice composed entirely of draped white Brussels and black Chantilly lace, looked distinguished; and so did another Court gown of white glacé, draped with black point-d'esprit net, embroidered with sprays of laburnum in silk of the natural golden hue of the blossom, and brightened with gold sequins scattered all over the net between the branches of floral embroidery; the train was black satin lined with white and caught back with laburnum at the ends.

"Lady servants," though an absurd contradiction in terms, were at one time, not so long ago, proposed as the remedy for all our domestic ills. Personally I never believed in the idea as a possibility. Caste feeling is very strong here; and even in more democratic countries than our own, where there is very little consideration of birth or family, and those who have followed the lowest occupations are eligible, if they acquire money and a moderate degree of refinement, for the "highest society" known to the nation—in America, for instance, where Lincoln was a wood-chopper, McKinley a blacksmith, etc.—even in such lands, the personal character of domestic service makes it disliked as derogatory to the dignity. How much less easily could a lady accommodate herself here to the conditions? Again, domestic service is too hard physical work. The time that has elapsed since "lady servants" were proclaimed to exist, and domestic service was talked of as if it were a newly discovered field for female labour, has enabled the question to be practically tested. The new number of *Women's Employment*, the organ of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, gives a résumé of the replies to a question addressed to all the branches of the society as to the success of "lady servants" in practice. With one accord, the answer is that the whole thing is a failure. The Edinburgh Committee, with characteristic Scotch practical sense, gives the root reason why the work of a domestic servant can never suit ordinary ladies: "It is difficult to find 'ladies' who will uncomplainingly perform the work of a domestic servant, the management of the house, the daily round of which is not only irksome, but demands physical strength and stamina, which only few women possess." Manchester reports: "Experience in the 'lady servant' question has been most discouraging and unsatisfactory. I have now several good posts vacant for lady servants, but no applicants." Birmingham follows suit: "I could have placed several lady cooks in the country if it had been possible to obtain them." Ireland rounds the tale: "The supply



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"What does 'Van Houten's' mean, Mother?"

"It means the Best Cocoa, my dear."



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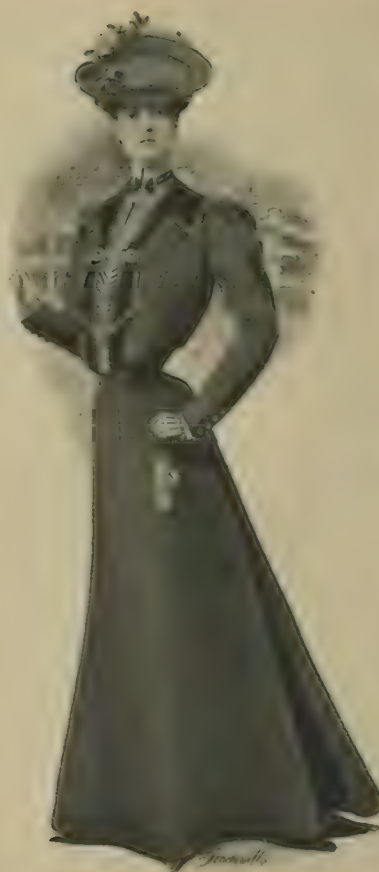
A demand might
efficient

Quinze" per-

by the shoulder, is also smart and new. This is a capital

in outer one, a
coat, of some

put in their
of hair or over the crown of their heads some decoration



THE SPRING TROTTEUSE FROCK.

for young women, married or single. Leigh Hunt made the
roses say, with more gallantry than correctness in their

reference to complexion. A very large rose spangled with
diamond dew looks well set at the back of the coiffure that
is done down in the nape of the neck, the flower coming
just where it finishes off the side view, and reflects its color
and sparkle on the face. A smaller blossom with a wisp
of maidenhair, or two roses with a trail of rose leaves, is a
fashionable one flower coming just above and

and the leaves passing across the top of the
plait of hair as a *cache-peigne*. Violets and their leaves,
Banksia roses and their foliage, and other small flowers that
will form clusters are also good arranged in this fashion.
When the hair is dressed on the top of the head, aigrettes
complete for choice with others of silver, or gold, or
n is cunningly twisted round fine
must
silver, or bronze or deep red glittering paillettes on a
bandeau. A very pretty design is the shape of a double
loop of ribbon, but covered closely with forget-me-nots or
violets at choice; an aigrette of osprey stands up in the
middle of these floral boss and the whole forms a tiara
that is very becoming.

It is possible that the decoration of the head in evening
toilettes will soon lead to the wearing of a small cap.
This has from time to time been fashionable; many women
who are still but middle-aged will remember the days when
a married woman mounted a tiny and smart mob
cap, and the fashion, I believe, was found generally
in Paris. It has never been the custom, however, to
go to the theatre with no bonnet at all on the
head; and the complaints of the obstruction caused by
picture-hats of the ladies have been louder there than
here, because they extended all over the house, and were
worn at evening performances too, not only at matinees.

Now the Society of Artists in Fashions—the great French
dressmakers' union—has held a meeting, and devised a
series of coquettish little coifs for theatre wear; they are
not by any means bonnets, but just smart little confections
for the head, of the kind which all periods have worn.
They are of various shapes; some are pointed, some are
round but flat turban-like ones. They are made of gold
and silver tissue, or of velvet to match the colour of the gown,
or of silk, or chiffon, or of interwoven pearl-threaded cords;
also of brocade and embroidered gauze. Osprey, or quilled
ribbon and bows, or tufts of gauze, delicate flowers trim
them either above the ears or of the front. They are
and so becoming that it will not be surprising if they are
adopted for ordinary evening wear.

FIGURE.

SAVORY & MOORE'S
PEPTONISED
COCOA & MILK

Here it is! A blend of pure, ground
Cocoa and fresh country milk. Peptonised
for easy digestion. It is the most
delicious and healthful beverage of cocoa
and milk ever prepared. It is
sold in all the best food stores.

OXO

"Your good health"

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 22, 1893) of MR. JAMES HOLMES LUCKING, of The Pines, Streatham Hill, who died on Nov. 23, has been proved by Samuel Lucking Malley, Edwin Taylor Malley, the nephews, William Marren Smith, and Alexander James Scrutton, the value of the estate being £265,332. The testator leaves £10,000 for such charitable institutions as his executors may select, having for their object the seeking out of the destitute poor and distressed children of the Metropolis of London and the surrounding districts, including the following: St. George's Hospital, King's College Hospital, the London Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, Brompton Consumption Hospital, the Metropolitan Hospital for Paupered and Imbecile, the Royal Hospital for the Insane (Putney), the Asylum for Idiots, the London Orphan Asylum, the Congregational Union, the National Society for Employing Epileptics, the British Hospital and Home for the Insane (Streatham), the National Institution; £10,000 each to Guy's Hospital, St. Giles' Prison Mission, the Outcast London Mission, the Female Mission for the Fallen, Princess Louise Home for Young Girls, the Haverstock Hall Orphan Working School, the Little Boys' Home (Farningham), the Caterham School for Sons of Ministers, the Milton Mount College for Daughters of Ministers, Hackney College, Cheshunt College, the Colonial Missionary Society, the Congregational Chapel Mission Society, the Young Men's Christian Mission, the Young Men's Hospital, Grey's Hospital, the Metropolitan Hospital, the London Free Hospital, the Sea-land Hospital Society, Westminster Hospital, University College Hospital, the City of London Hospital for

Diseases of the Chest, the East London Hospital, the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Samaritan Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, the Lock Hospital, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, the Royal Convalescent Home, All Saints' Convalescent Home (Eastbourne),

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1891) of MR. WILLIAM CARR, of Gomersal House, Gomersal, Yorkshire, and Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Feb. 13 by William Carr, the son, the value of the estate being £202,042. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Emma Carr, absolutely.

The will (dated July 11, 1902) of MR. FREDERIC DAVID MOCATTA, of 9, Connaught Place, Hyde Park, whose death occurred on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 14 by Benjamin Elkin Mocatta, the nephew, Lieut.-Colonel Emanuel Montefiore, and William George Raphael, the value of the estate being £136,548. The testator gives nearly £28,000 to various hospitals and charitable institutions, and very many legacies to relatives and friends. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he leaves the residue of his property between the Jewish Board of Guardians and the Charity Organisation Society.

The will of MR. ARTHUR FRANKAU, of 11, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, and 30, Gracechurch Street, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 14 by Mrs. Julia Frankau, the widow, the value of the estate being £95,031. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1896), with a codicil, of MR. JOHN WOODWARD, of 13, Endsleigh Street, Tavistock Square, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 13 by James Adams Hewitt, William Girling, and Miss Anna Maria Woodward, the value of the estate being £11,234. The testator gives £100 each to his daughters; £200 each to his executors; and £1000 and the income

from the residue of his property to his wife. On her decease he gives £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Sarah Eliza Alderton; the income from £10,000 to his daughter Mrs. Lucy Davis; and the ultimate residue to his three unmarried daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1903) of MR. SAMUEL WALSH, of Trinity Road, Halifax, who died on Dec. 8, has been proved by Frederick Buckley, John William Eastburn, and Robert Highley, the value of the estate



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the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, the Indigent Blind Asylum, and the British Orphan Asylum (Slough); and £500 each to the North London Hospital for Consumption, the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the Royal National Hospital (Ventnor), and St. Andrew's Home (Folkestone). Subject to legacies to relatives and executors, he leaves the residue of his property to his two nephews Samuel Lucking Malley and Edwin Taylor Malley.

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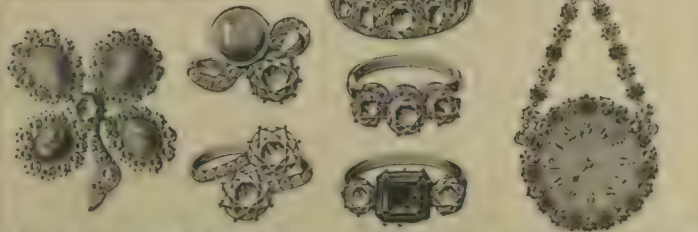
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which will correspond with
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WILL FIT ANY LEG.

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amounting to £62,104. The testator bequeaths £8000, in trust, for his nephew, Joseph Bottomley Walsh, and to the Rev. James Edward Walsh; and such legacies to be paid out of the residue of his property, he leaves, in trust, for his sister Mrs. Fanny Eastburn, for life, and then for her four children, John William, James, Hannah Buckley, and Ellen Clegg.

William George A. V. L., LL.D., F.R.C.S., England, F.R.C.P., London, who died on Dec. 7, left his Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Great Central Railway Company, of the present value of £20,000, divided as follows—namely, one tenth each to the Church Missionary Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Propagating the Gospel, the Irish Church Society, the Fund, the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, the Naval Scripture Readers' Society, the London City Mission Society, the Army Scripture Readers' Society; and one twentieth each to the Pastoral Aid Society and the Additional Curates' Society.



CENTREPIECE FOR THE ROYAL NAVAL MESS, DEVONPORT.

The trophy stands upon an ebonised plateau of massive proportions. It is finely moulded and shaped, suitably embellished, and rests upon four recumbent lions, similar to the lions surrounding the Trafalgar Square column. Suitable nautical emblems adorn the plateau at the base of the panels. The work was designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., Oxford Street, London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Birmingham was very much overworked during last year, and the affection of the eyes from which he is suffering is a symptom of nervous breakdown. His doctors hope that he will have recovered in time for his enthronement on March 2. Birmingham is preparing to give Dr. Gore a hearty welcome, Nonconformists joining with Churchmen in admiration of his gifts and character.

The Dean of St. Paul's, who has lately celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, has been connected with the Cathedral for thirty-seven years. He was appointed a Canon in 1868, and succeeded Dr. Church as Dean in 1890. Dr. Gregory is in very fair health, and was able, at the afternoon service on his birthday, to instal the new Prebendary, the Rev. G. H. Perry.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who has been inducted to the rectory of Barrowby, in Lincolnshire, is an extempore preacher who inherits something of his father's command of language. The service at Barrowby is simple, reverent, and dignified. Archdeacon Kaye inducted the new Rector.

Contractors to the War Office.

PLASMON**MARK TWAIN.**

"The only needful thing," says Mark Twain, "is to get Plasmon into the stomach—dissolved, or in clods, or petrified, or any way so it gets there. I had an eight years' persistent dispute with dyspepsia; but when visiting England, my doctor ordered Plasmon to be added to my other food, and I have had no return of it since. I agree with the *Lancet*—that it is an extremely valuable food."

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Mark Twain

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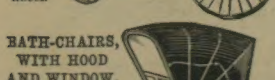
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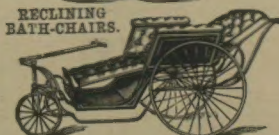
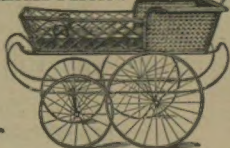
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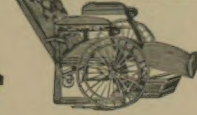
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and gave an address on the relationship between pastor and people.

The Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, Mayor of Marylebone, has promised to speak next month at the Wesleyan Sunday afternoon meeting at Hengler's Circus. Major Seely and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have recently drawn large audiences to the same gathering. The heads of the Mission have wisely decided to issue their invitations in a broad and catholic spirit.

The Bishop of London's Lenten Mission is awaited with the keenest interest by many congregations. Dr. Ingram, in a recent address to diocesan readers, dwelt on the necessity of preaching the whole Gospel—the Gospel in its fullness, and not merely that aspect of it which most appeals to the individual preacher.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has been suffering this winter from insomnia, and during his holiday has been laid aside by influenza. Entire rest at Matlock has, fortunately, restored his health, and he is expected to resume his ministry next Sunday.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OUR FLAT," REVIVED AT THE COMEDY.

Evidently there is plenty of life still in Mrs. Musgrave's extraordinarily successful farce once so familiar to Strand audiences as "Our Flat." So far as construction goes, the play might seem a slight thing, written entirely, as it is, round that one droll scene in which the hire system of furnishing is neatly parodied, and two women's ingenuity transforms sundry plain domestic utensils into the handsome-seeming apparatus of a fully equipped flat. But this happy stroke of invention, with all the ludicrous consequences that follow on visitors treating the make-shift chairs and settees as genuine, and of course the superb piece of low-comedy acting which Mr. Edouin supplies in his burlesque portrait of a theatrical manager, still suffice to make the farce play, now that it is revived at the Comedy, to a perpetual accompaniment of laughter. Mr. Edouin, who could hardly have been replaced in his original rôle of Nathaniel Glover, has brought

his jokes up to date, and has allusions to Mr. Tree's school of acting and to the revolving stages and double bills of our new variety theatres, but his quaint caricature has lost none of its old vivacity. Second only in rollicking humour to his performance is the delightful "slavery" of Miss Polly Emery; while Miss Nora Lancaster gives the right touch of daintiness to this "slavery's" resourceful mistress. So diverting an entertainment as "Our Flat," so well acted as it now is, ought to be secure of a fresh lease of popularity.

A grand Historical Bazaar under the immediate patronage of her Majesty the Queen will be held in May in Dean's Yard in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. Among the patronesses is the Princess of Wales. The Jessie Alice Palmer Fund has provided £1000 to endow a bed in one of Dr. Murrell's wards, in recognition of his valuable contributions to pharmacology and his researches on the action of remedial agents in the treatment of disease.

LUNHAM'S CHOICE IRISH BACON
AND HAMS. "Guaranteed Non-Dry-cured." (See Estimated Plates London Railway Stations.) Sold by Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores, Hulton Bros., Ltd., 1, Salisbury, and the Leading Houses in London and elsewhere. Established as Leading Curers in 1855.

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Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

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INVALUABLE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
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AND ALL
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This old and tried remedy has stood the test of two generations. Refuse to be put off with a Substitute; the Original can be had of all Chemists if you let it be seen that you are not weak enough to accept an imitation. Collis Browne is the Name; 1/4, 2/6, and 4/6 the prices.

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saves time for better
work than sweeping.

All Stores and Ironmongers
sell the Bissell at
10/6 11/- 14/- 15/6 & 18/-
Same price everywhere.

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INFLUENZA,
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LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

This valiant knight
He girdes for fight
For sheweth he trepidation
For well he knows
That stout his foe
To deal him doughty blows &
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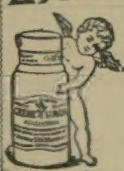
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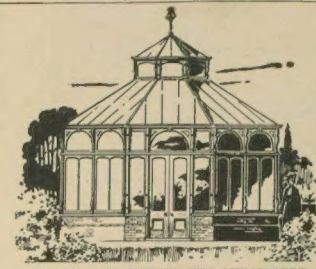


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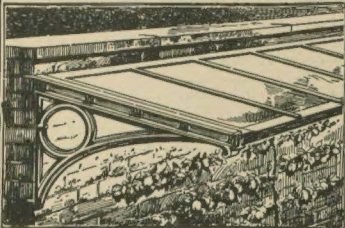
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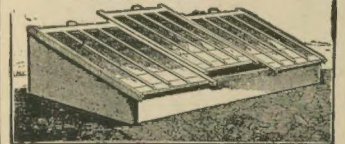
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